

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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BEHIND PRISON WALLS.

How Unsuspecting Yankees Were Gathered in.

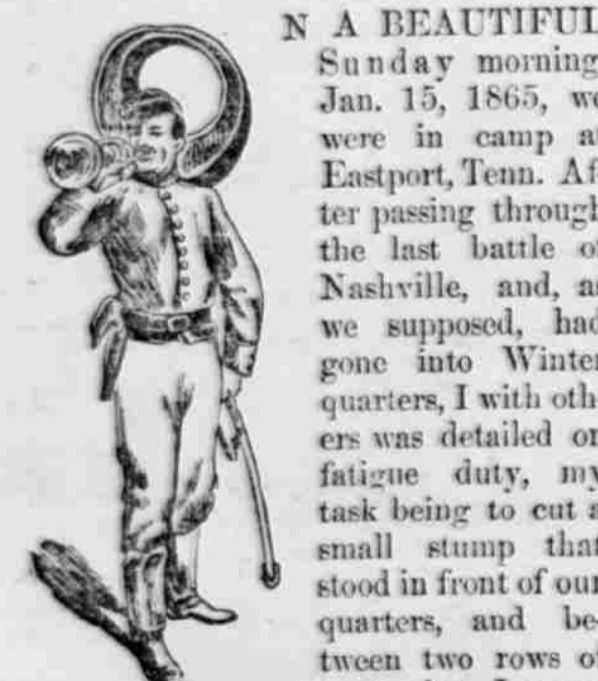
SURPRISED.

Desperate Attempt at Escape Foiled.

HARD RIDING.

Running from Friends at Point of Bayonet.

BY CHARLES COOK, CO. B, 5TH MINN., MC MINNVILLE, ORE.



EVERYTHING ELSE of any value, even to exchanging clothing with me, so long as any of them had anything of less value than mine.

This line of procedure was kept up with all of us until we reached Andersonville in nearly a nude condition. As soon as they completed their robbery, which took but a few minutes, they started me back to the wagons on double-quick time, cut the harness from the mules, and mounting us on them started forthwith.

ON DOUBLE-QUICK TIME

for Corinth, about 35 miles distant. It was about 1 o'clock p. m. Leaving the main road we went a roundabout way in order to avoid meeting Union scouts. We had a hard ride over rough ground, through timber and brush. We forded many deep streams, some of them so deep we had to swim. The mules being thin and sharp-backed, you may have an idea of how we enjoyed our ride without saddles. Some of the boys got off and drove their mules, running behind until they were out of breath; then they would mount and enjoy the ride as before.

About an hour after dark we came to a plantation, where we were placed in an old empty corn-crib, under strong guard, to enjoy ourselves until morning. Not having had anything to eat since our capture, our clothes scanty, torn, and wet, our situation was truly horrible that cold winter night. Oh, it makes me shiver even now to think how we suffered that dreary, cold night. But this was only a foretaste of what was to come.

The next morning the owner of the plantation gave us each a piece of corn-bread and bacon, which we ate with a will, being about one-fourth as much as our appetites demanded; however, it made us feel much better.

The old gentleman seemed to be a good-hearted man, and said he would like to have given us more, but being raided by both armies, he was nearly

cut the stump. However, I have always regretted it, for if I had I would have been saved the awful suffering that I endured in a rebel prison. Being absent at a spring for a bucket of water, another was detailed in my place to cut the stump, leaving me subject to the next detail, which proved to be one to escort a forage train of three six-mule teams to go into the country on the road toward Corinth to get lumber from an old house to build officers' quarters with.

There were 13 of us from my regiment. We supplied ourselves with guns and ammunition only, thinking we would be back before night, as we had only about four miles to go.

We got into the wagons and started. Not apprehending danger, only part of us had our guns loaded, and none of us had them capped, for fear of accident by jolting of the wagons. Nearly all the way the road was through open country. We were about three miles outside of our lines when we entered the timber and brush.

While riding along we were surprised by 25 CAVALRYMEN, who covered us with carbines and commanded us to halt and surrender. We obeyed the command, sprang from the wagons to the ground, and most of us threw down our guns. I think I was the only one who attempted to escape. Our captors all wore our uniform, so I took them to be bushwhackers and that



plunder was their object, and that if we fell into their hands we should be robbed and killed.

This prompted me to make a desperate effort to escape. Looking for a chance, I saw at about 100 yards distant a large oak tree, with clear ground between me and the tree. I took in the situation at a glance, and acted upon it at once. Alighting on the ground I made a break for that tree, thinking there would not likely be more than one of them follow me, and if I was not stopped with a bullet before I reached the tree I might possibly get the tree between me and my pursuer, and get a cap on my gun and knock him out of his saddle, take his horse, and make good my escape.

It was a slim show. I think if I had a record of the time I made between that wagon and tree it would beat that of any foot racer on earth, and if fear was my motive-power I think I must have flown. I carried my gun at trail in my right hand. As soon as I started I heard my pursuers shout "Halt!" I could hear the tramp of horses behind me, and bullets whistled around me as thick as hail; but being in a great hurry just then I had no time for halting. Reaching the tree I jumped behind it, grasped my gun with my left hand and my cap-box with my right, at the same time looking up into the muzzles of three loaded carbines, and heard the authoritative command: "Throw down that gun, you Yankee!"

This changed my plan of operation, and I came to the conclusion it was not safer or a good time to cap a gun, but a better time to obey orders, even if they did come from a rebel. My captors dismounted. Two of them went through me, while the third held the horses. They took what little money I had, and

everything else of any value, even to exchanging clothing with me, so long as any of them had anything of less value than mine.

They intended to do with those hides I never did find out.

The mules were hitched to the wagons and guards were in the saddles in a very short time. They started us on a

dead run, and put two of their men on each wagon to throwing off corn and hides. Oh, didn't they work lively and the drivers shout soothing epithets at the mules! That was the most unwilling race I ever ran. We marched what they called 30 miles, but it seemed to be 100. We had nothing to eat all day. It was cold and cloudy, and rained just enough to keep us wet. We were guarded in an old log house that night, which had a fireplace. We made a good fire. We were comfortable, but very tired and hungry.

(To be continued.)

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

BY RICHARD E. DEAN, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

I stand and gaze on our flag flying there; I study each tint and each hue; I see in the red the blood of the brave Who bled for the Red, White, and Blue.

I stand and gaze on the stars shining bright, That the artist has painted so true; They shone on the dead and the dying alike, Who fought for the Red, White, and Blue.

I see in the white of the flag flying there, The flag that is waving o'er me; The light of education and learning so free In the land of the Red, White, and Blue.

There's another dear color I see in the flag; It tells of the loyalty true, The uniform blue of the boys brave and true, Who died for the Red, White, and Blue.

Oh, had I the skill of an artist to paint The scenes that our flag has passed through, I'd shout with each wave of the brush I would make, Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!

Hurrah for the stars and hurrah for the stripes! Hurrah for the old Union too! Hurrah for the red and hurrah for the white! Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY C. E. MERRIFIELD, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Shout aloud, Hosanna to the glory of the Lord! He has opened wide the fountain with His grace and mercy stored; The shackles of the bondman have been cleft by the sword.

As we go marching on, Glory, glory, hallo! hallo! Glory, glory, hallo! hallo! Glory, glory, hallo! hallo! Praise God, we're marching on.

He has purified the Nation from the curse of slavery, He has given us the promise of the Son on Calvary, He has glorified our country and forever made it free.

As we go marching on, Glory, etc.

Peace and plenty reigneth now throughout our happy land, And in Union now the States together firmly stand; Then away with strife and discord! let us go hand in hand, As we go marching on.

A DEAR OLD GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

BY THOMAS CALVER.

I wonder, oh, I wonder, Little old girl, how I should go a-fishing, And fish with all my might! Or if a cow, with eyes so brown, Would pluck me in the brook, Or land me nicely, upside down, In some quiet, cozy nook.

I wonder, oh, I wonder! I wonder, oh, I wonder, Should I be hunting for, If people would think it ill-bred To get a little cold, Or if I got a great big bear, Would they then shoulder shrug, And say that I could only care For something that could bug?

I wonder, oh, I wonder! I wonder, oh, I wonder, If I a-cycling went, If cruel tongues would say that I To catch a man was bent! Or if my stocking part should show, If naughty men would grieve, And say my bait to catch a leech Was very much too low!

I wonder, oh, I wonder!

The Priestly Origin of Science. [Herbert Spencer, in the Popular Science Monthly.] Save some knowledge of medicinal herbs and special animal products, with perhaps a little information about minerals, often joined with such observations of weathering as enables them to foresee coming changes, and so, apparently, to bring rain or sunshine, there is little to be named as rudimentary science among the medicine-men, or quasi-priests, of savages. Only when there has arisen that settled life which yields facilities for investigation and for transmitting the knowledge gained, can we expect priests to display a character approaching to the scientific. Hence we may pass at once to early civilizations.

Evidence from the books of Ancient India may first be set down. Demonstration is yielded by it that science was originally a part of religion. Both astronomy and medicine, says Weber, "received their first impulse from the exigencies of religious worship." More specific, as well as wider, is the following statement of Dr. Thibaut: "The want of some rule by which to fix the right time for religious observances gave the first impulse to astronomical observations; urged by this want the priest remained watching night after night the advance of the moon * * * and day after day the alternate progress of the sun toward the north and the south. The laws of phonetics were investigated because the words of the gods followed the wrong pronunciation of a single letter of the sacrificial formulas; grammar and etymology had the task of securing the right understanding of the holy texts."

Further, according to Dutt, "geometry was developed in India from the rules for the construction of altars."

An Honest Lawyer.

A Somerset, Me., man got out of a serious financial fix in an odd way recently. He became insolvent, and in order to secure the services of a lawyer offered as a fee a life-insurance policy on a man in Boston. It was a straight life-policy, with no surrender value. The bankrupt had lent money to a young man many years before, and had taken the life-insurance policy as security. The young man refused to pay the premiums after a while, but the holder kept the policy in force. The lawyer took the rather dubious fee. About two weeks later word came from Boston that the man insured was dead. The lawyer collected the several thousand dollars, and, though legally entitled to the whole sum, he merely deducted his fee and paid over the remainder to the bankrupt, who was able with it to settle up with his creditors and get a little start again.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

What the Iron Brigade Experienced in the Old Dominion.

NEWS FROM McCLELLAN.

Hatch Takes the Place of Augur in Command.

THE RETROGRADE.

Army Safe within the Defenses of Washington.

BY R. E. CHANDLER, 728 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

I—(continued).

WHILE IN THIS camp some of the boys shot a steer belonging to a farmer. While we were making preparations to cook some of the meat, a cavalryman came quietly into camp and informed us that the owner of the steer had reported the matter to Gen. McDowell, and that a squad of cavalry would probably make us a call in the course of an hour or two.

Well, we hustled that meat, still warm with the animal heat, into a half-barrel, and took it out into a grove of jack-pines whose branches started out near the ground. After propping up the branches we dug a hole and buried the meat; and when those cavalrymen from McDowell's escort appeared at our camp we were as innocent as a "passel" of school-children.

They went through our Sibley tents, but of course found no meat. Before they left, one of them whispered that probably they would visit us again about supper-time. True to his word, they made us another visit later in the day. When we dug that meat out the next morning, it would kill at 40 rods. We covered it up, and if that particular tree has

since the war, it is "wing to the fertilizing it received from that meat."

II.

On the morning of the 7th we moved our camp to Front Royal, and on the 9th we boarded the cars for Alexandria, where we took a barge for Aquia Creek. Here we were engaged in building warehouses, repairing the railroad, and rebuilding the bridge at Fredericksburg, the center portion having been swept away by high water.

During this time McClellan had advanced up the Peninsula, feeling his



GEN. JOHN POPE.

way cautiously along, fighting the series of battles that culminated in the "Seven Days' Fight," in which he made the "change of base" from the swamps of the Chickahominy to the protection of the gunboats at Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

Meanwhile, Maj.-Gen. John Pope, who had achieved a brilliant victory in the capture of Island No. 10, in the Mississippi River, had been ordered East and placed in command of the troops commanded by McDowell, Fremont and Banks, together with all minor detachments which were stationed in and around Washington.

The command was known as the "Army of Virginia," and was expected to advance overland toward Richmond, forming a junction with McClellan, at the same time to keep ever in mind the safety of the Capital.

Gen. C. C. Augur, who had been in command of our brigade since early Spring, was assigned to the command of a division, leaving the latter part of June, Gen. Hatch taking command of the brigade in his place.

The Engineer Corps again boarded the train for Aquia Creek July 11, when we took the steamer Jennie Lind for Alexandria, arriving at dark. The next morning, while we were lying around under the open shed that formed the cover to the wharf, a small steamer came up and

unloaded seven barrels, after which they cast off their lines and steamed away in the direction of Washington.

I don't know how the impression got

out that those barrels were intended for us, but I know such an impression did prevail at the time, and before the bubbles had ceased to rise from the splash of the steamer's paddle-wheels those seven barrels were issued to the seven details of which the Engineer Corps consisted.

On being opened they were found to be what the sutlers used to sell as ginger-snaps. They were a "snap" to us, and we speedily transferred them to our haversacks, at the same time feeling truly thankful that Uncle Sam considered it necessary to our health to issue ginger to us in such a palatable form.

When we had cleaned out everything, except a few at the bottom of one of the barrels, a hooked-nose member from one of the Palestine "destricts," came with a guard of one man to place over the barrels, and when he found his goods gone his anger was intense. He threatened the whole lot with arrest "if we didn't gif up dem snaps," but our train backed down about that time, and as we pulled out for Manassas we left the lone guard sitting on a barrel quietly munching away at the few remaining snaps.

We remained at Manassas Junction a few days, the time being occupied in building a bridge across Bull Run at the place where the Alexandria and Warrenton pike crosses that stream. July 19 we went by rail to Warrenton, which is off the main line to the right, being connected by a "Y" at Warrenton Junction.

Our time was occupied until the 30th building a bridge across Broad Run a few miles east of Warrenton. On the 30th, after loading our construction tools into wagons, we went to Sulphur Springs, where we proceeded to erect towers for a suspension bridge across the Rappahannock, but after waiting three days for the cables to arrive from New York we were informed they could not be sent. So we took down the towers, procured logs, built two cribs in the



GENERAL ORDER NO. 5.

river, filled them with stone, and erected a log bridge, which was 101 feet and six inches in length.

At the Springs we found two large, four-story buildings, with innumerable cottages, while at the foot of a decline in the rear was the spring which made this place

FAMOUS AS A HEALTH RESORT.

After completing the bridge we started by wagon-road for Culpeper Courthouse, passing through that quaint old town Aug. 3, the day of the battle of Cedar Mountain. After proceeding about five miles, and when within sound of the battle, we were ordered to retrace our steps, and went into camp near Culpeper.

Gen. Pope, in assuming command of the army, had issued a series of General Orders, one of them being to the effect that we should study the probable lines of retreat of our foes and leave our own to take care of themselves, bidding us to look ahead and not behind, success and glory being in advance and shame and disaster lurking in the rear. The latter proved too true when Jackson whipped around in our rear a few days later and destroyed our vast store of supplies at Manassas Junction.

His General Order No. 5 was to the effect that the army would, as far as practicable, live off the country, giving prescribed rules for obtaining subsistence. To use a slang phrase, the order was "nuts" to the boys; every hen-roost, smokehouse and cellar stored with applejack and peach brandy being laid under contribution by the soldiers.

During the afternoon of the 9th we could hear cannonading from the direction of Cedar Mountain, and later in the day news came that Banks, who was in command, was driving the enemy toward the fords of the Rapidan; but later reports showed that he had "bitten off more than he could chew," and had to fall back behind Cedar Run.

Gen. Augur, who commanded a division in this battle, was wounded in the



SHOT A STEER.

side while rallying his men. The wounded from the battlefield of Cedar Mountain were brought to Culpeper, and occupied a church used for a hospital.

Several of our boys went over there and helped dress their wounds. There was a Lieutenant up in the gallery who asked me if I would help him attend to his wound. He said he had not called on any of the Surgeons, as they were busy with

WORSE CASES THAN HIS.

I told him I was at his service, and asked him where he was wounded. "About half way around me," he said. I thought it a queer description of a wound, but when he had removed his blouse and shirt I saw at once he had described it as it was. A ball had struck one of the brass buttons of his blouse, which caused it to glance, striking one of the left ribs; this it followed round to the back-bone, where it lay just under the skin. The track of the ball was plainly marked by a dark purple line, about an inch and a half in width, extending from where the ball entered to where it stopped.

I cut a slit over the ball and it dropped out in my hand, after which I cut three openings in the track of the ball, so the wound would discharge. His shirt and blouse were stiff with blood, which had become quite offensive to the smell, and as I had an extra one of each, I soon had him fixed up in good shape. He told me his name, company, and regiment at the time, but as I failed to make a note of it it was soon forgotten. Two or three years ago I had published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE an account of the affair, in order to ascertain the name of the wounded officer, and to what regiment he belonged.

In due time I received a letter from some comrade saying if I would write to Maj. Moses Veale, of Philadelphia, Pa., I could learn all about my wounded Lieutenant. I found the officer was Lieut. Lewis W. Ralston, Co. A, 109th Pa., who was afterwards promoted till finally he became Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, and was mustered out of the service at the close of the war as such.

Maj. Veale wrote that they were near each other in the charge, and that Lieut. Ralston

FELL, MORTALLY WOUNDED.

as he supposed. He (Veale) stopped to bid him good-by when he passed on in the charge, but was wounded and captured and sent to Richmond, where he was kept several months, but was finally exchanged and came North, when he learned of the good fortune of his friend and the peculiar nature of his wound. Maj. Veale said Col. Ralston had been dead several years.

The morning of the 11th we went to the top of Pony Mountain, about two miles southeast of Culpeper, to tell the trees in order that the Signal officers might have an unobstructed view from their station, which was built near the tops of three tall trees. About 4 p. m. we broke camp and moved toward Cedar Mountain. About 10 p. m. we encountered a body of troops which were moving on a road that joined ours from the south. It proved to be the First Brigade of King's Division, which had just arrived from Fredericksburg, and it was not long before the boys were with their companies greeting their old comrades.

We bivouacked near the scene of the



HIS HORSE FELL.

battle, where we remained several days. Our time was occupied in building bridges and signal-stations till the afternoon of Aug. 18, when we broke camp and started for Culpeper, which proved to be the beginning of the retrograde movement of the Army of Virginia. We reached Culpeper about dark, where we found every street full of wagons of the various armies which had concentrated at that point.

Besides the town being one heterogeneous mass of vehicles there were acres of wagons parked at different places around town. We remained there during the night, sleeping wherever we could catch a nap. It began to rain in the night and continued till near noon of the 19th. There was a stream just to the east of town, which had to be forded, so I posted myself there to wait till our train came along.

Soon Gen. McDowell rode up to the ford to push the thing along. Every team of four or six mules that came to the ford would stop and drink, which took time.

As soon as McDowell took in the situation he procured

A LARGE "BLACK-SNAKE" WHIP.

and sat there on his horse, and on every team that entered the ford he would ply the whip till they were out on the other bank. He was protected from the rain by a poncho, which covered any insignia of his rank that he wore.

There were the trains of Pope, Sigel, Reno, Stevens, Augur, Ricketts, McDowell, Banks, and I don't know else, all jammed and crowded together; wagons enough, when on the move, to reach 30 or 40 miles, and perhaps farther.

All the teamsters belonging to the armies which had been with McDowell knew him, and when he intimated that it would not do to block the train they took the hint and lashed up their mules;

but when teams of other trains came to the ford they would pay no attention to the General, supposing him to be a wagon-master, or at most a Quartermaster.

One fellow I remember in particular, one of Sigel's Dutchmen, stopped to let his mules drink, when McDowell began to lay on the black-snake, whereupon the Dutchman commenced swearing at him. At this the General brought the whip around the man himself, who was sitting astride his high-wheel mule. This so enraged the fellow that he jumped from the mule into the water, and made for the General with the butt end of his whip, saying he would "allow no tam wagon-master to hit him mit a whip."



FORDING THE STREAM.

Instantly McDowell threw back his poncho, exposing to the fellow's gaze the grouped buttons and the double-stars of a Major-General. It was amusing to see that Dutchman's face. I don't think it took him 10 seconds to mount his mule and get out of there.

I am satisfied in my own mind that had not McDowell or some other general officer remained there to push matters a part of that immense train would have been captured.

We followed the line of the railroad,

REACHING THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER late in the day, crossing on the railroad bridge, while the wagon-train forded the stream a few rods below.

On the night of the 20th we built a bridge across the river about 80 rods above the railroad bridge, completing it by daylight the following morning. This bridge was 160 feet long, built in water seven feet deep, which depth was caused by a dam just above the railroad bridge, which furnished power for a large new flour mill which stood on the east bank of the river.

As soon as the bridge was completed one of our batteries crossed over and went into position and began shelling the enemy, who in return responded, their shells passing over our heads.

On Saturday, the 23d, we demolished the railroad bridge. There was a battery of brass 12-pounders situated on a knoll near by that fired a number of solid shots into the bridge, but the most of their firing was at the enemy, who were trying to advance and save the bridge.

A number of us were deployed along the river bank, with orders to keep up a constant firing at any who might be seen approaching the bridge. When we were recalled I had three cartridges left out of 40.

During the afternoon there were several showers, which served to quiet matters on both sides of the river while they lasted. Between a couple of these showers a brigade of the enemy emerged from a piece of timber and moved to our left, making for the river at a point below us. As they were crossing an open space our battery opened on them,

DROPPING THEIR SHELLS

directly in their ranks, where they exploded, killing and wounding a number at each shot. But those unhurt closed right up and moved forward as though nothing had happened.

About 4 p. m. our battery withdrew, also all of our men, with the exception of Lieut. Kennedy, another man (a citizen, who was foreman of the carpenter work), and myself, and just as we were about to leave a heavy thunder shower came up, forcing us to seek shelter in the mill.



REPAIRING BRIDGES.

While there the bridge which we had constructed three nights before came down over the dam and lodged against the wreck of the railroad bridge, which soon gave way and all went together.

We remained here till the rain was over, when, in obedience to the Lieutenant's orders, the mill was fired and we left. At the same time the enemy opened fire on us from one of their batteries across the river.

There was a good deal of controversy during and after the war in regard to the nature of the missiles that the Confederates fired from their guns. I know what they fired at me that afternoon as I was lying up the track toward Beaton Station. I heard an unearthly noise within six feet of my right side, and then something struck in the ditch at the side of the track about two rods ahead of me, throwing up a shower of mud and red clay, after which it started off up the track hunting for another